

# THE GLEANER;

OR,

## MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

---

No. 10.

For June, 1809.

VOL. 1.

---

### CONTENTS.

Spanish letters, No. 2.....	439
The disappointed Bride.....	441
Climate of Lapland.....	443
Stevens' diffinition of law.....	444
Lecture No. 2. on natural and experimental philosophy...	445
On Novel and Romance reading.....	449
Anecdotes.....	454
The Moderator, No. 7.....	455
Receipt for cleansing feathers.....	459
—taking stains out of silk, &c.....	<i>ibid.</i>
Miscellaneous thoughts.....	460

### POETRY.

The Cornwalliad, Canto 3.....	461
—sky lark.....	467
Lines on the death of General Washington.....	468
Richard Dablerus' farewell to society.....	469
Burk's garden grave.....	471
The song of the Swiss in a strange land.....	<i>ibid.</i>
—Negro's prayer.....	472
An epigram.....	<i>ibid.</i>

### REGISTER AND GAZETTE.

List of members of the eleventh Congress.....	473
Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, U. S.....	474
Declaration of war by the emperor of Austria.....	477
Address of the archduke Charles to the German nation...	478
British orders in Council.....	479
Remarkable funeral.....	481
French and English Calendar.....	482-3

---

STACY POTTS, JUN. *Editor.*

---

LANCASTER:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM GREER.

With this number we have taken the liberty of forwarding to every subscriber, resident out of the borough of Lancaster, a new Subscription Paper for the Gleaner: They are respectfully requested to aid us in giving currency to this work. If our expectations are realized, the second volume will commence with renewed vigour; and, no pains will be spared to give it a splendour, that shall make it vie with the first publications of the kind. Our essay writers are also requested to continue their services, 'tis they only can give it a real, intrinsic, merit; without them it would not be worth decorating. May the genius of our country forever defend the Gleaner, from the fate of a shallow-pated fop, fantastically adorned in the gaudy trappings of unmerited wealth.

The Gleaner ;  
OR,  
Monthly Magazine.

---

No. 10.

For June, 1809.

VOL. 1.

---

FOR THE GLEANER.

Letters from a Spanish gentleman to his friends in Spain.—  
Translated from the manuscript, for the Gleaner, by

MENANDER.

LETTER II.

Dear Don Digano,

I THINK I promised in my last, to give you some observations on the character and genius of the Americans when I would write to you again. I began a letter on the subject, but soon laid it aside, for a more congenial theme. Nay blush not, for my weakness; it is a kind of balm to the soul to pour her buoyant thoughts into the open bosom of generous friendship. When I commenced writing to my friends, I had resolved, I thought with firmness, not to expose the effeminacy of my too weak and treasonable heart. I had resolved to throw off that voluptuous trammel, which has so long humbled me in the eyes of my friends, below what I really am. But ah! my dear friend, I find that the emotions which spring in the soul, are confineless; and when coerced by the calm dictates of reason and prudence, but corrode the shrine of their captivity. There is a kind of female beauty, which seems to be capable of exciting nothing but voluptuous ideas in the breast; there is another, which dazzles the eyes, which "plays round the head but comes not at the heart."—But there is yet another kind, a heavenly countenance, which strikes at once to the soul, unlocks every delicate sentiment of the heart and inspires us with the most sacred respect and veneration. It is this kind of beauty which beams in the countenance of MARIA. Little did I think, when I left Spain and my dear, unfortunate Eliza, that I should meet, in

this rude region, with a being of such a mind and heart, as I have found in MARIA.

*For sad was my heart, as I rov'd o'er the main,  
And I sigh'd for the smiles that no more I should meet ;  
Yet scarce had I hop'd ere my bosom again,  
Felt a smile more enchantingly, more witchingly sweet.*

Indeed, my friend, I did not, as I supposed, land in a country where all is savage rudeness ; I have found, that here, as well as in our ardent clime, there are souls that carry with them, the inestimable pearl, of goodness and feeling. Since my first strange meeting with Maria, I have had the pleasure of being in company with her often ; and every meeting with her gives, but fresh impulse, to the impression I at first so ardently experienced. The fascinating charms of her personal beauty, the embellished graces of her understanding, and the noble unreservedness of her modest and feeling heart, have so fermented my mind, as to make reason league even with mutinous passion. I would twine the soft chains of hymen around this northern usurper of my heart and myself —but Maria is poor—and I, though the son of a wealthy lord, might exclaim with Simonides, the poet, “*mecum inquit, mea sunt cuncta.*” The yearly allowances my father was pleased to make me, are but small ; and I am convinced, that, should I marry in this country, his inexorable imperiousness of soul, would make him abandon me forever—for his high minded spirit looks with the eye of scorn upon merit uncapped with a lordly tiara, or undecorated by a princely diadem. ’Twas this lofty frenzy of his mind, which induced him to send me away from Spain, in order that he might prevent my union with Eliza, who wore not the extrinsic ensigna of imperial greatness ; yet who was amiable, intelligent, and generous ; and whose soul was a pearl in the female world ! But her crime was poverty—and my father’s maxim, “*genus et formam regina pecunia donat.*” But peace to her shade ; she is now no more where the indignant scorn of hard-hearted imperiousness can persecute her ; she rests happy in the glorious realms of elysium.

I have had a third letter from my father, with half menacing and half supplicating persuasions to return home ; he informed me of Eliza’s fate, in a manner, that fully evinces his cruel joy at the misfortune ; “you may now return,” says he, “the object which had so unworthily trammeled your young and inexperienced heart is gone to another region—’twas a happy occurrence, and appears to have been the guardian work of your tutelar angel, to free you from so ignominious an attachment,” Gra-

cious God! can the phantom of false glory, can wealth and title harden the soul into this cruel inhumanity of feeling?

It appears to me, that the noblest and greatest of all sciences, is to know how, to command, and how to obey. Whether I shall ever return to Spain or not, is yet, with me doubtful. Had I not been necessitated to leave it, I might now live happy among my friends. This country is becoming more and more attracting to me. The cloud of discontent which sometimes obscures my mind, is dissipated by the various scenes of nature, which are to be found every where in this clime, and which are so replete with novelty and beauties. God bless you, friend Digano, with every thing that I mention to you in my letters, imitate Harpocrates—keep your finger upon your lips.

CASTALIO.

.....

#### THE DISAPPOINTED BRIDE.

At an age when the heart is open to every impression, and forms with the same facility engagements and connections, which, in a man of riper years, would be the fruit of esteem and observation, St. A— was travelling from his native province to explore the wonders of a metropolis which he had as yet beheld but with the eyes of hope. In the coach which was to convey him to Paris, he found a young man of prepossessing appearance; a conversation soon began, that terminated in protestations of friendship, warmly reiterated on both sides. Mutual confidence soon flowed from their lips, and all the secrets of their youth were revealed. It was then that St. A— learned that his new friend was sent to Paris to marry a young lady whom he had never seen, but whom his father and family had chosen for his bride, with the consent of her relations. The journey finished without any accident, and they arrived in the morning at Paris, where they took lodgings in a public hotel. Scarcely had they taken possession of their apartment, when the young man was seized with a bilious colick, which in less than two hours deprived him of existence. Affected at the melancholy fate of his youthful acquaintance, St. A—, whose tender attentions had been unable to save him, thought it his duty to inform the father of the future bride of the overthrow of his expectations, and, taking with him the letters and the portfolio of his friend, repaired to the house of that gentleman.

The servant, who opened the door, conscious that his master expected his son-in-law, announced St. A— as such, without inquiring who he was. The father, without giving him time to explain himself, embraced him with eagerness, and present-

ed him to his wife as her son, and to his daughter as her husband.

St. A—, naturally gay and volatile, could not resist the temptation of deceiving the family a little longer, and played his part extremely well. He gave the letters; and being perfectly acquainted with the secrets and affairs of his friend, returned the most satisfactory answers to their questions. He succeeded, especially, in captivating the attention of the young lady, who, with sidelong glances, admired the features and the fine shape with which nature had blessed her lover. Dinner was announced, and St. A— was placed by the side of the timid bride; and the whole family yielded up their hearts to joy and satisfaction. The young lady spoke little, answered with difficulty, and often blushed, while St. A— was polite and ardent in his attentions towards her; and though the expression of his face was naturally serious, his conversation was pleasing and cheerful.

After dinner, the father entered into all the details necessary to settle the marriage, when suddenly St. A— rose, and taking his hat, seemed anxious to retire. "Are you going to leave us?" exclaimed the father; "Yes," answered St. A—; "important business compels me to quit you." "What business can you have in a city where you are a stranger? Perhaps you wish to draw money from a banker; my purse is entirely at your service; and if you will absolutely have recourse to a banker, I may send somebody who will transact business for you."—"No," said St. A—, "you are mistaken, it is a business which I alone can transact." While they were speaking, St. A— continued to walk towards the door, and they were soon in the hall; when, addressing the father, "Now that we are alone," said he, "and the ladies cannot hear us, I will tell you, that this morning, a few moments after my arrival, an accident happened to me. I was attacked with a bilious colick, and died. I promised to be buried at six o'clock, and you will easily conceive that I must attend the place of rendezvous; for, not being known in this part of the world, if I failed to be exact to my word, it would awake suspicions of inattention to business, that would prove very prejudicial to my character."

The father listened to him with astonishment, but taking the whole for a joke, returned to the ladies bursting with laughter, and related the cause of his son-in-law's hurried departure. While they were still conversing upon the subject, six o'clock struck; it was soon seven, and the family was alarmed at not seeing St. A—. Half an hour after, the father sent to his hotel to inquire. The servant entrusted with the commission, asked for him under his real name, and received for answer, "that he had arrived there at nine in the morning, had died at eleven,

and been buried at six." It would be difficult to express the surprise of the whole family at receiving this information; and, as St. A— left his lodgings, and never visited there again, a general belief was spread around, that it was the ghost that spent the day with Mr. N—, in social enjoyment and conversation.

.....

#### CLIMATE OF LAPLAND.

—  
*By M. Maupertuis.*  
—

"Though in this climate the earth is horrible, the heavens presents most beautiful prospects. The short days are no sooner closed, than fires of a thousand colours and flames light up the sky, as if designed to compensate for the absence of the sun, in this season. These fires begin in the form of a great scarf of bright light, with its extremities upon the horizon, which with a motion resembling that of a fishing net, glides swiftly up the sky, preserving in this motion a direction nearly perpendicular to the meridian; and most commonly after those preludes, all the lights unite at the zenith, and form the top of a kind of crown. Arcs, like those seen in France towards the north, are here frequently situated towards the south, and often towards both north and south, at once. Their summits approach each other, and the distance of their extremities widens towards the horizon. I have seen some of the opposite arcs, whose summits almost join at the zenith; and both the one and the other have frequently several concentric arcs beyond it. Their tops are all placed in the direction of the meridian, though with a little declination to the west, which I did not find to be constant, and which is sometimes sensible.

"It would be endless to mention all the different figures these meteors assume, and the various motions with which they are agitated.—Their motion is commonly like that of a pair of colors, waved in the air, and the different tints of their light give them the appearance of so many vast streamers of unchangeable taffeta. Sometimes they line a part of the sky with scarlet.

"On the 18th December, I saw a phenomenon of this kind, that in the midst of all the wonders to which I was now every day accustomed, raised my admiration. To the south a great space of the sky appeared tinged with so lively a red, that the whole constellation of Orion looked as if it had been dipped in blood. This light, which was at first fixed, soon moved, and changing into other colors, violet and blue, settled into a dome

whose top stood a little to the south-west of the zenith. The moon shone bright, but did not in the least efface it.

"In this country, where there are lights of so many different colors, I never saw but two that were red; and such are taken for presages of some great misfortune. After all, when people gaze at these phenomena, with an unphilosophic eye, it is not surprising if they discover in them armies engaged, fiery chariots and a thousand other prodigies.

"During the winter, we repeated many of our observations and calculations, and found the most evident proofs of the earth's being flattened at the poles. Meantime the sun came nearer, or rather no more quitted us. It was now May, when it was curious enough to see that great luminary enlighten for so long a time, a whole horizon of ice, and to see summer in the heavens, while winter still kept possession of the earth. We were in the morning of that long day of several months; yet the sun, with all his power, wrought no change either upon the ice or snow.

On the 6th of May it began to rain, and some water appeared on the ice of the river.—At noon a little snow melted, but in the evening winter resumed his rights. At length, on the 10th, the earth, which had been so long hid, began to appear: some high points that were exposed to the sun, showed themselves, as the topts of the mountains did after the deluge, and the fowls of the country returned. At the begining of June, winter yielding up the earth and sea, we prepared for our departure back to Stockholm, and on the 9th some of us set out by land, and others by sea."

.....

*Definition of Law by G. A. Stevens.*

Law is law—law is law; and as in such and soforth, and whereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding; law is like a country dance—people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery—there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take the least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow; and it is like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us.

## ON NATURAL AND EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

—  
LECTURE II.—  
*Mechanics.*

ALL matter, (except fire) is endowed with the power of attracting, and being attracted by other matter. The attraction of cohesion forms the smaller masses—but this power extended to a world, assumes the name of gravitation. This power unites the particles of the earth into a round and dense ball, and holds every thing, animate and inanimate, fast to its surface. That the whole earth is the attracting body, and not any thing placed in its centre, is clear, from finding that a plummet hung by the side of a precipice, is attracted out of its perpendicular by the precipice; and a body does not weigh so heavy 200 yards beneath, as on the surface of the earth. A body left to the power of this agent falls about a rod in the first second of time; three in the second; five in the third; seven in the fourth, &c. agreeably to the odd numbers, 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, &c. For the *vis inertiae* of the falling body, added to the power of gravity in every succeeding second, accelerates it, as the squares of the time. Thus, at the end of the fourth second, the body has fallen about 16—at the end of the 6th second, it has descended 36 rods, &c. This is proved by a projected ball falling from an horizontal line one inch in the same time in which it falls 3, 5, 7, &c. inches in the succeeding times; and by the suspension of unequal weights over a pulley. Hence we find this power of gravity decreases as the squares of the distances increase (*i. e.* a ball, which weighs 9lb. on the earth's surface, would weigh only 1lb. at three semi-diameters of the earth above it). For it is found that the moon falls from a tangent to her orbit in this proportion; shewing that she is actuated by the same law that makes a pebble describe a curve when it is thrown from a sling. For that pebble, if it were projected with proper force, and had a vacuum to move through, as the moon has, would go round the earth for ever as she does.

*Motion is rectilineal; i. e.* all bodies put in motion by *one* force, endeavour to go off in a straight line. Hence if a coach in swift motion be turned suddenly, it oversets by endeavouring to go off straight: But if a body be impressed by *two* forces, in oblique directions, it will obey neither, but go the diagonal or medium of the square. Hence a ball dropt from the mast-head of a ship, under swift sail, falls on the deck as if the ship was at anchor: And a ball shot horizontally from a tall tower, obeys neither the

powder nor its own weight, but comes to the ground in a curve formed of the two. We shall in due time see that the planets move by this wonderful law.

*The momentum of falling bodies is as the square root of the height from whence they fall.* If a body of any weight falls  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch, it doubles its momentum; *i. e.* a pound let fall on a table  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch, will strike the table with a force equal to two pounds.

—One hundred weight will strike the ground with two hundred weight when let fall  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch, &c.—Sink a cylindrical stick in a tall glass of water, and lay six ounces on its top, and it will sink it to a certain depth; then let three ounces fall on the stick  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch, and it will sink it to the same depth. If it be let fall four times that height, it will have twice that effect, if nine times that height, three times the effect, &c.

Fluids spout by the same law. A pipe of the same bore as another, but four times as far below the surface of the water in a cistern, discharges twice as much as the upper one; if it be sixteen times as far beneath the surface it will discharge four times as much as the upper one, &c. For the velocity with which a fluid spouts, at any depth below the surface, is equal to that which a body falling *that height* would acquire.

The *momentum* or force of a body, arises from its quantity of matter being multiplied into the velocity with which it moves: Thus if a *battering-ram* be 1000 lb. weight, and the velocity with which it strikes a wall be 20, then is its *momentum* 20,000: But a *cannon-ball* shall do the same execution, if its quantity of matter be no more than 10 lb. provided it be thrown with a velocity equal to 2000, for  $10 \times 2000 = 20,000$ , so that the *momentum* of both are equal. This may easily be proved, by laying 2 lb. weight upon a *spring*; if it throw it one yard, it will throw 1 lb. two yards; and 8 lb. will be counter-poised by 4 lb. if it be hung on a balance at *twice* the distance from the fulcrum. Hence the force or power, of any machine, whether simple or compound, is easily computed; for when two bodies are suspended upon any machine, so as to act against one another, if the perpendicular *ascent* of one body be to the perpendicular *descent* of the other in the inverse ratio of their weights, they will balance one another; and, therefore, so much quicker as the power moves than the weight, so much is the advantage gained by the machine, and gives this mechanical axiom, “*That what is gained in power by any machine, is lost in time of working it.*” *Sir Isaac Newton.*

All kinds of mechanical engines consist, more or less, of these *six powers*, viz. the *lever*, the *wheel and axle*, the *system of pulleys*, the *inclined plane*, the *wedge*, and the *screw*.

The *lever* is a bar of wood, or metal, turning upon a prop or centre (commonly called the *fulcrum*), and is used either to

raise weights or overcome resistances. There are three kinds of levers, and in each of them, the velocity of each point is directly as its distance from the prop. When this *prop* is between the *weight* and the *power*, it is called a *lever of the first kind*: and so much as the power is further from the prop than the weight (or its centre of gravity), so much is the advantage gained by the power over the weight. *Iron crows, scissars, pincers, rudders of ships, &c.* are *levers of the first kind*. A *lever of the second kind*, is when the *weight*, or *resistance*, is between the *prop* and the *power* as in doors turning on hinges, knives that turn on the centre at the point; oars, &c. A *lever of the third kind*, is when the power is applied between the *weight* and the *prop*, as in rearing a ladder against a wall; moving our legs and arms by the power of the muscles, &c. The *bended lever* differs in nothing from one of the *first kind*, but in form, it is like a hammer drawing a nail. In each of these levers, so much as the *power* moves farther, or shorter, than the *weight*, so is the advantage, or disadvantage, of each. The power of a *compound lever* is found by multiplying the power of each into one another.

In the *wheel* and *axle*, the advantage of the *wheel* over the *axle*, is as their diameters; i. e. if the *wheel* be four times as large as the *axle*, a man may lift four times as much by it, as by his own strength, allowing for friction. This *power* is the principal part of a common *crane*.

*Upper pulleys* that are fixed, only serve to change the direction of the power, and give no mechanical advantage thereto; but the under block of pulleys, moving with the weight, give an advantage proportionate to the number of ropes by which the weight is sustained; and which may be estimated also by so much as the power moves faster than the weight. A *running pulley* doubles whatever advantage was gained by the other parts of a machine before it was applied, always allowing for friction, which in pulleys is very great.

The *wedge* separates heavy or cohering bodies, with a force proportioned, as the thickness of its back is to the length; i. e. if its back be one foot, and the length twelve feet, then may the momentum of the stroke which moves the wedge be one-twelfth only of the weight, or cohering force, of the parts to be separated.

The *inclined plane* is half a wedge, and therefore its power is, as its length is to its height; i. e. I shall roll a cylinder up an inclined road of twenty yards in length and but one yard perpendicular height, with one-twentieth part of the force that would be necessary to lift it perpendicularly that yard.

The *screw* may be considered as an inclined plane wrapt round a cylinder, therefore, as the power moves round the cylinder,

while the weight rises, the power has an advantage over the weight, as the length of one thread round the cylinder is to the distance of one thread from another; or as the velocity of the power is to the velocity of the weight.

In a *common jack* we have all these powers together, if to an arm of the fly the power be applied; and so far as that power moves farther than the weight, so much is the advantage which the power has over the weight.

If machines could be made to move without *friction*, the least degree of power, added to that which balances the weight, would be sufficient to raise it: But as the smoothest bodies are full of pores, and little eminences, these will lock into one another in rubbing bodies, and greatly retard the motion of a machine. The friction in the *lever*, and in the *wheel* and *axle*, is very small; In *pullies* it is very considerable: But in the *inclined plane*, the *wedge*, and the *screw*, it is very great. The allowance made for friction in machines consisting of several of the mechanic powers, is usually *one-third*; i. e. after calculating all the single powers as above, and multiplying these into one another, from the last product I deduct one-third of it, and the remainder is the true momentum or force of the machine. Friction is of two kinds: The *rubbing friction*, and the *friction by contact*; the rubbing of the locked wheel of a coach against the road may represent the *first*; and the manner of its touching the road in its usual motion, the *second*. When the *first* kind of friction can be reduced to the *second*, there is a manifest advantage given to the power of the machine, as is demonstrated by the experiments with the friction wheels. These wheels are hung so that their peripheries form an angle, in which the gudgeon of the heavy wheel turns. *Water wheels*, large *grinding stones*, and even *wheel carriages*, are hung in this way at a small expense; but being apt to wear out very fast, they are better fitted to small weights moving with great velocity. And hence the friction balls in wheel carriages, cranes, &c. become soon useless. A *narrow* rubbing surface has much the advantage over a *broad* one, though they each sustain the same weight, because of fewer points and pores being in contact; hence the smaller the gudgeon or axle of a wheel the better, if it has but strength to support the weight. The friction in water that carries an under-shot mill, is much taken off by a sloping pedal; the velocity of the float-boards of the wheel ought to be one-third of the velocity of the water; the number of staves in the trundle ought to be no even part of the number of cogs in the wheel that turns it; and the grinding-stone should make about 60 revolutions in a minute.

Beside the *mechanic powers*, and various instruments to explain *friction*, momentum, falling bodies, &c. the machines

used to illustrate this lecture are, 1st. A moveable crane. 2d. A mill to saw marble. 3d. Ditto to saw timber. 4th. A common pile-driver. 5th. Voulou's pile-driver. 6th. The equable moving windmill, that clothes, unclothes, and turns itself to the wind. 7th. Drill-ploughs. 8th. Ventilators. 9th. Wheel carriages. 10th. Methods used in moving the great stone on which the statue of Peter the Great is erected in Petersburg. 11th. A complete fortification. 12th. Fire and steam engines. 13th. Water engines of all denominations, viz. common pumps, forcing pumps, rope pumps, Archimedes's screw pump; bucket engines, machines for draining, embanking, &c. &c. &c.

---

---

## ON ROMANCE AND NOVEL READING.

(*From Miller's "Retrospect of the 18th century."*)

---

IT has often been made a question, whether romances and novels form an *useful* kind of reading, or the contrary? This question, fifty years ago, was of little moment compared with the importance which it has lately assumed. At that period the number of novels was small, and the popular classes of them sustained, in general, a tolerably pure moral character. Since that time, the case is, unhappily, altered; their number has increased, their character is so changed, and the task of discriminating among them has become so delicate and arduous, that the question above stated must now be regarded as one of the most interesting that can be asked, concerning the literary objects of the day, by the wise and affectionate parent, the faithful guardian, or the mind of general benevolence. It may not be improper, therefore, to offer two or three brief remarks on the general tendency of the class of writings under consideration.

That fictitious history, when constructed on proper principles, and executed in a proper manner, may be productive of utility, is a position too plain to be doubted. It is one of the most powerful means of exciting curiosity, of awakening sympathy, and of impressing the understanding and the heart. Such fiction "may do more good to many minds than the solemnities of professed morality, and convey the knowledge of vice and virtue with more efficacy than axioms and definitions." On this ground it was, no doubt, that the infinitely wise author of our religion, frequently adopted the form of *parable* for communicating the most important truths to his hearers. And, on the same principle, some of the wisest human teachers have used the vehicle

of lively and interesting fiction, known to be such at the time, for insinuating into the mind moral and religious lessons, which, in a different form, might not so readily have gained admittance. It is obvious, then, that to this kind of writing, *as such*, there can be no solid objection. Novels *may* be so written as to promote the cause both of knowledge and virtue. They *may* be constructed in such a manner as will tend to lead the mind insensibly from what is sordid and mean to more worthy pursuits, and to fill it with pure, elevated and liberal sentiments. Nay, it may be further conceded, that, out of the myriads of novels which have been composed, a few are, in fact, entitled to this character, and have a tendency to produce these effects.

But it is evident, that a kind of writing which, when wisely and ingeniously executed, may be conducive to the best purposes, may also, in the hands of the unskilful or the wicked, produce the worst effects. If an artfully conducted fiction be so well fitted to interest the curiosity, to awaken sympathy, and to impress the mind, then it follows that if this fiction be enlisted on the side of corrupt principle, or licentious practice, it must do incalculable mischief. The question before us, therefore, must be solved by examining the influence of novels, not as they *might* and *ought* to be composed, but as they are found *in fact* to be written. We are not to assume for our standard the utility which *would* be derived from this species of writing, were it confined to the enlightened and virtuous; but the character and tendency of that heterogeneous mass which is daily accumulating from every quarter of the literary world.

What then is the general character of modern novels? The most favourable estimate that can be made stands thus:—Were the whole number which the age produced divided into *a thousand* parts, it is probable that *five hundred* of these parts would be found so contemptibly frivolous, as to render the perusal of them a most criminal waste of time. And though entirely destitute of character, yet so far as they are the objects of attention at all, they can do nothing but mischief. To devote the time and attention to works of this kind, has a tendency to dissipate the mind; to beget a dislike to more solid and instructive reading, especially to real history; and, in general, to excite a greater fondness for the productions of imagination and fancy, than for the sober reasoning, and the practical investigations of wisdom.

Of the remaining *five hundred* parts, *four hundred and ninety-nine* may be considered as positively seductive and corrupting in their tendency. They make virtue to appear contemptible, and vice attractive, honourable and triumphant. Folly and crime have palliative and even commendatory names bestowed upon them; the omnipotence of *love* over all obligations and all duties

is continually maintained; and the extravagance of sinful passion represented as the effect of amiable sensibility. Surely these representations can have no other tendency than to mislead, corrupt and destroy those who habitually peruse them, and especially those who give them a favourable reception.

But this is not the worst of the evil. A portion of this latter class of novels may be charged with being seductive and immoral on a more refined plan. They are systematic, and, in some instances, ingenious and plausible apologists for the most atrocious crimes. In many modern productions of this kind the intelligent reader will recognize the following process of representation. Corrupt opinions are put into the mouth of some favourite hero, the splendour of whose character, in other respects, is made to embellish the principles which he holds, and the force of whose eloquence is used to recommend the most unreasonable dogmas. When this hero commits a crime, and when by this crime, according to the fixed law of the Divine government, he is involved in serious difficulty, if not lasting misery, the fashionable novelist endeavours to throw the blame on the religious and moral institutions of the world, as narrow, illiberal and unjust. When a woman has surrendered her chastity, and prostituted herself to a vile seducer; and when she suffers in her reputation and her comfort by such base conduct, all this is ascribed to the "wretched state of civilization," to the "deplorable condition of society!" Every opportunity is taken to attack some principle of morality under the title of a "prejudice;" to ridicule the duties of domestic life, as flowing from "contracted" and "slavish" views; to deny the sober pursuits of upright industry as "dull" and "spiritless;" and, in a word, to frame an apology for suicide, adultery, prostitution, and the indulgence of every propensity for which a corrupt heart can plead an inclination.

It only remains to speak of the *one thousandth* part not included in the classes already characterized. Of the greater portion of these the most favourable account that can be given is, that they are *innocent* and *amusing* compositions. But even with regard to a considerable number which have been commonly placed among the good and useful novels, a correct judge would scarcely be willing to pronounce them *innocent* without some qualification. After all these deductions, how small is the number of those which can be said to merit a perusal, or which can be considered as tending, in any tolerable degree, to enlighten the mind, or to promote the interests of virtue and happiness! So small, indeed, that out of the numerous volumes which a simple catalogue of the novels produced in the 18th century would fill, a single page would embrace all that could be with propriety recommended to the attention of the youthful mind.

Many novels which contain no licentious principles or indecent descriptions, are still defective, inasmuch as they are not pictures of nature. When this is the case, though they be not chargeable with making a direct attack on the fortress of virtue, yet they are only fitted to mislead. To fill the mind with unreal and delusive pictures of life, is, in the end, to beguile it from sober duty, and to cheat it of substantial enjoyment.—Were all the mischief presented to our view which has been done to thoughtless, unsuspecting minds, by fictitious writings of this character, it would be found to form a mass of crime and misery too great for the ordinary powers of calculation.

But it is not enough that the fiction be true to nature. It may in no case depart from the probable and natural; every line may be drawn with a strict regard to the original character designed to be represented; the most transient beholder may pronounce the likeness to be perfect; and yet the view may be fitted to corrupt the mind of every one who looks upon it. The truth is, there are many characters which ought never to be drawn in fiction, as there are many which ought never to be contemplated in fact. And he who regards the welfare of a child will be as anxious to withhold from him the view of many natural and lively descriptions of vice, as to keep him from the company of those who are really vicious. “Many writers,” says a celebrated critic and moralist, “for the sake, as they tell us, of following *nature*, so mingle good and bad qualities in their principal personages, that they are both equally conspicuous; and as we accompany them through their adventures with delight, and are led by degrees to interest ourselves in their favour, we lose the abhorrence of their faults because they do not hinder our pleasure, or perhaps regard them with kindness for being united with so much merit. There have been men, indeed, splendidly wicked, whose endowments threw a brightness on their crimes, and whom scarce any villainy made perfectly detestable, because they never could be wholly divested of their excellences; but such have been, in all ages, the great corruptors of the world; and their resemblance ought no more to be preserved than the art of murdering without pain.”\*

Estimating novels, then, not as they *might* be made, but as

---

\*On this principle it is plain that such a character as Tom Jones ought never to have been exhibited by a friend to virtue.—And though the characters drawn by Richardson are by no means so liable to censure on this ground as several of those by Fielding, yet it may be doubted whether the Lovelace of the former, taken in all its parts, be a character calculated to make a virtuous impression, especially on the youthful mind.

they are in fact, it may be asserted, that there is no species of reading which, promiscuously pursued, has a more direct tendency to discourage the acquisition of solid learning, to fill the mind with vain, unnatural, and delusive ideas, and to deprave the moral taste.\* It would, perhaps, be difficult to assign any single cause which has contributed so much to produce that lightness and frivolity which so remarkably characterize the literary taste of the eighteenth century, as the unexampled multiplication, and the astonishing popularity of this class of writings.

The friend of novels will perhaps agree, that the *promiscuous* perusal of them is dangerous, and will plead for a discreet selection. But who is to make this selection? On whom shall devolve the perplexing task of separating the wheat from the chaff, the food from the poison? If amidst the mighty mass, those which are tolerably pure, and especially those which are calculated to be useful, be only now and then to be found, as a few scatterd pearls in the ocean, shall the delicate and arduous task of making the choice be committed to minds "unfurnished with ideas, and therefore easily susceptible of impressions; not fixed by principles, and therefore easily following the current of fancy; not informed by experience, and consequently open to every false suggestion, and partial account?" The imminent danger, and almost certain mischief arising from a choice made by such minds cannot be contemplated by those who feel an interest in human happiness, without deep anxiety and pain. And to expect a wise choice to be made by parents and instructors, is to suppose, what was never the case in any state of society, that they are generally enlightened and virtuous.

On the whole, the answer of a wise preceptor to the main question respecting the utility of novels, would probably be something like this:—That, wholly to condemn them, and

---

\*The celebrated Dr. Goldsmith, in writing to his brother, respecting the education of a son, expresses himself in the following strong terms, which are the more remarkable, as he had himself written a novel:—"Above all things, never let your son touch a romance or novel; these paint beauty in colours more charming than nature; and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness which never existed; to despise the little good which fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and, in general, take the word of a man who has seen the world, and has studied human nature more by experience than precept; take my word for it, I say, that such books teach us very little of the world." *Life of Goldsmith, prefixed to his Miscellaneous Works.*

rigidly to forbid the perusal of *any*, in the present state of the literary world, would be an indiscreet and dangerous extreme; that reading a *very few*, therefore, of the *best* is not unadvisable;† that in selecting these, however, great vigilance and caution should be exercised by those to whom the delicate and difficult task is committed; that the perusal of a *large number*, even of the *better sort*, has a tendency too much to engross the mind, to fill it with artificial views, and to diminish the taste for more solid reading; but that a young person habitually and indiscriminately devoted to novels, is in a fair way to dissipate his mind, to degrade his taste, and to bring on himself intellectual and moral ruin.

---

† The author has no hesitation in saying, that, if it were possible, he would wholly prohibit the reading of novels. Not because there are none worthy of being perused; but because the hope that, out of the polluted and mischievous mass continually presented to the youthful mind, a tolerably wise choice will, in many instances, be made, can scarcely be thought a reasonable hope. As, however, those fictitious productions are strewed around us in such profusion, and will more or less excite the curiosity of youth, the plan of total exclusion is seldom practicable. In this case it is, perhaps, the wisest course to endeavour to regulate the curiosity which cannot be prevented, and to exercise the utmost vigilance in making a proper choice for its gratification, and in restraining this gratification within small bounds. For it may, with confidence, be pronounced, that no one was ever an extensive and especially an habitual reader of novels, even supposing them all to be well selected, without suffering both intellectual and moral injury, and of course incurring a diminution of happiness.

.....

#### ANECDOTES.

(An old Jack Tar, just returned from sea, met his old messmate *Bet Blousy*; he was so overjoyed that he determined to commit matrimony; but at the altar the parson demurred, as there was not cash enough between them to pay the fees; on which Jack, thrusting a few shillings into the sleeve of his cassock, exclaimed "shiver my timbers brother, never mind! marry us as far as it will go.")

The fair daughter of a Mr. *Hogg*, was lately married in one of the late fashionable bonnets that conceal the face, which occasioned the bridegroom to remark after the conclusion of the ceremony, "Egad, I have got a Pig in a Poke."

---

FOR THE GLEANER.

---

THE MODERATOR, No. 7.

---

*"The charms which darkness should conceal  
"And man should only fancy."*

PINDAR.

---

A FEW ages ago no apology would have been necessary in laying the following letter before the public: But, since the days of Cervantes, he who attempts to communicate his writings to that scrutinizing animal, must take care, in narrating occurrences, to keep within the bounds of human probability: And, the philosophers have lately determined a voyage to the Moon to be impracticable. Entertaining a very great respect for both the decisions of the philosophers, and for public opinion, I must confess, I have been greatly embarrassed, and it was not until I had consulted several friends on the subject, that I concluded to publish.

'Squire Credulous was very candid in this affair and gave his mind freely; he has not a shadow of doubt of the authenticity of the paper, and that it was written where it purports to have been. He was decidedly for printing it.

Captain Brag, on the other hand, considers it a mere hoix. "Vissionaire you know," said he, "was always full of his whims; and, if the letter is not a forgery, I have no doubt it will in the end turn out to be nothing more than one of his fanciful freaks, equally as wild as his proposition for establishing an universal language, and universal perfectability of government among mankind."

Here was opinion against opinion and I advised with Will Cautus. He would not, positively, approve or disapprove the publication, but, after reading the letter two or three times very attentively, with a kind of half grin, half smile, and a shrug of the right shoulder, very peculiar to himself in cases of perplexity, he handed it back to me again, saying, *our friend need not have travelled so far for such discoveries;*" leaving me just as much in doubt as ever. But this was about what I expected; for Will would have made a good oracle in the temples of the ancients. His advice is always couched in such enigmatical terms that, let the result be what it may, he can seldom be convicted of wrong counsel.

Finally, the weight of Miss Mary Shewey's opinion (the lady alluded to in the letter) has turned the scale in favour of the

course I have adopted. She is so well acquainted with Vissionaire's hand writing, she thinks she cannot be mistaken;" it is unquestionably his. But, said she, for the conviction of those who may still doubt (for some people will affect to doubt every thing) you can leave the letter itself with the printer!"—"Moreover," added she, there is such a paucity of fashion among us, at this time, owing, I suppose, to the interruption of our commercial intercourse with Europe, that we are ready to die with *ennui*, and you will lay the ladies under lasting obligations to you by publishing the letter. It will give them a hint they know well how to appreciate, and, I hope you will soon see them tossed off in all the elegancies which have so captivated my wandering Abraham."

These observations fixed me; though admitting the writing to be genuine, I am still puzzled to know how the author got to the moon and how his letter got back; but, on these points, the reader is as competent to conjecture as I am.

.....

To QUINTIN FICKLESOME, *esquire, N. S.*

MODERATOR, &c. &c. &c.

—  
Dear Quin,

Will you believe me, if I tell you that I write from the Moon! yes, smile if you please and doubt if you can the well known veracity of your old friend Vissionaire, here I am, in one of the most delightful provinces of this enchanting world, surrounded with bliss which you, who have never breathed the ethereal atmosphere\* of this happy place, can never feel or even fancy. Yet ah! delighting as my situation is, undisturbed by the operation of any of those unruly passions and erroneous sentiments which create so much care and confusion in my native planet, I cannot look up to that "much loved much hated" spot without the penalty of a sigh. Ye distant friends! it is because I still retain the memory of your unadulterated kindness that I sigh. Oh friendship! thou source of genuine joy, but cause of many a pain to transitory man! why is the cup of thy nectar ever separated from the lips of those who have once been permitted to taste its sweet pleasures? Hail too, thou fairest associate of fair friendship, heavenly love! if the souls of the departed ever feel

---

\* This ought to settle the question of the Moon's atmosphere.—  
Mod.

a wish to revisit their native earth, surely those who have left behind an endeared friend or a beloved mistress, must be included in the number. My Quintin and my Mary! 'tis for your sakes I am anxious to return. With you, the earth with all its cares is disireable: without you, all the beauties of the paradise that surrounds me are but as the gayest flowers in the desert woods.

But you will be anxious to receive a description of our journey hither; alas I cannot gratify you. That part of our history is an awful blank; and, unless we shall be enabled to describe them from our homeward passage, the scenery and the road between the two worlds must remain unpainted and unknown. Your philosophy will at once suggest to you, that, from the time we left the higher regions of your atmosphere, we were incompetent of noticing any thing correctly, being gradually undergoing a new organization of body in order to fit us for the purity of this orb. We journied as a person journies in a dream; and, in the manner of most of your rapid travellers, I can only say, I was there—and I am here.

Mr. Airey, my fellow-traveller, is making observations on the soil and its productions, on the rivers, mountains, &c.—whilst I am endeavouring to make myself acquainted with the state of science, religion, government, &c. &c. But I shall say nothing on these points until I am better acquainted with the language and master of the subject. You must, therefore, be contented, for the present, with observations on such particulars as most commonly attract the first notice of strangers. Fortunately the article of dress is one of these, and I am sure nothing I could write would be more acceptable, at least to my Mary and her female companions, than an account of the *newest fashions in the Moon.*

The ladies are generally well formed. They possess not only all the engaging elegancies of lovely nature; but also, the transporting witcheries of aluring art. A female of the lowest order here is literally ashamed to shew her face, adorned merely in the blandishment of decent cleanliness, even at home. Seemingly unconscious of the captivating efficacy of their real charms, they well know how much these may be improved by artificial aids. Cosmetic preparations are in great abundance, by the help of which these lovely creatures retain the bloom of youth even in old age, and I could relate you many a laughable blunder they have caused me to commit. Not long after my arrival there was a grand ball, or public assembly, in commemoration of the birth-day of some celebrated personage: On this occasion one of the young ladies, of the family with which I live, enquired of her mother "*what face she ought to appear in,*" and I was put to the blush for stupidly asking "*if it was to be a masquerade!*" Note, masquerades are not tolerated.—In the

afternoons I have frequently mistaken the kitchen-maid for the mistress of the house; and, if perchance I have called upon them unawares, and perhaps impolitely, about 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning, I am as apt to mistake the mistress for the maid. In stealing a kiss I have more than once stolen half the bloom of the fair one's cheek; and, I have literally tasted the ruby of their lips for a whole day. My letter would swell into a volume if I were to give you the one thousandth anecdote of such like incidents.

The variety of seasons here is not so great as with you. The temperature of the air is generally about that of your pleasantest days in September: the dress is consequently light and cool. And, if in *hiding* the face these fashionables manifest a delicacy rather too refined, for persons accustomed, as we have been, to view the countenance of the fair sex without a veil, that overstrained delicacy is amply balanced in the sly exhibition of other charms, equally, if not more, entrancing.

"Oh! they do give the captive sight  
 "A witching banquet of delight;  
 "And all those sacred scenes of love,  
 "Where none but hallowed eyes should rove,  
 "See faintly glowing, half concealed  
 "Within the lucid muslin veiled."

How lasting is the effect of educated prejudice! My modesty, I must own, was not a little singed when first I beheld these angelic beauties, thus transparently attired; and, even to this hour, I cannot look upon one of them, tripping sweetly in the eye of a gentle breeze, with bosoms majestically swelling like the Andes and the Allegheny of my mother globe, without being *moved* at the sight. Something within me seems to *rise*, as it were, indignant at the view. But these feelings are becoming less and less boisterous as I become more and more habituated to the custom. So the very *thorn* of conscience itself is blunted by repeated use.

Yet, lavish as I am of my praises, let me not be considered as a traitor to my native country. Should I ever return to that country, I should return with the honour of a "prophet in his own land."—I should debase the character of a *traveller*, if I do not exhibit the inhabitants of this, as savages in comparison with those of our globe. The geographer places the principal city of his king or nation on the first meridian; and the writer who wishes to please, and understands his business, must make the manners, customs, and habits of those to whom he writes, the standard of perfection. And, though in describing female

dress and fashions greater liberality is allowable, yet by this rule I ought to censure the people here. People! have I said? Except myself and Mr. Airey, there is nothing like mankind among them: but,—merely what mankind ought to be, social beings, doing good and living without strife and without fear with each other. How differently from the citizens of Lancaster!!

Adieu, for the present, your's,

ABRAHAM VISSIONAIRE.

.....

*New process for clearing FEATHERS from their animal oil.*

“Take for every gallon of clean water, one pound of quick lime; mix them well together, and when the undissolved lime is precipitated in fine powder, pour off the clear lime water for use, at the time it is wanted.

“Put the feathers to be cleared in another tub, and add to them a quantity of clear lime water, sufficient to cover the feathers about three inches when well immersed and stirred about therein.

“The feathers when thoroughly moistened, will sink down, and should remain in the lime water three or four days, after which the foul liquor should be separated from the feathers by laying them on a sieve.

“The feathers should be afterwards well washed in clean water and dried upon nets; the meshes about the fineness of cabbage nets.

“The feathers must from time to time be shaken upon the nets, and as they dry will fall through the meshes, and are to be collected for use.

“The admission of air will be serviceable in the drying. The whole process will be completed in about three weeks; after being prepared as above mentioned, they will only require beating for use.”

.....

*Method of cleansing SILK, WOOLLEN, and COTTON goods*

*without damage to the texture or colour.*

“Take raw potatoes, in the state they are taken out of the earth, wash them well, then rub them on a grater over a vessel of clean water to a fine pulp, pass the liquid matter through a

coarse sieve into another tub of clean water; let the mixture stand till the fine white particles of the potatoes are precipitated, then pour the mucilaginous liquor from the fecula, and preserve this liquor for use. The article to be cleaned should then be laid upon a linen cloth on a table, and having provided a clean sponge, dip the sponge in the potatoe liquor, and apply the sponge thus wet upon the article to be cleaned, and rub it well upon it with repeated portions of the potatoe-liquor, till the dirt is perfectly separated; then wash the article in clean water several times, to remove the loose dirt; it may afterwards be smoothed or dried.

“Two middle sized potatoes will be sufficient for a pint of water.

“The white fecula which separates in making the mucilaginous liquor will answer the purpose of *tapisca*, will make an useful nourishing food with soup or milk, or serve to make starch and hair powder.

“The coarse pulp which does not pass the sieve is of great use in cleaning worsted curtains, tapestry, carpets, or other coarse goods.

“The mucilaginous liquor of the potatoes will clean all sorts of silk, cotton, or woollen goods, without hurting the texture of the article or spoiling the colour.

“It is also useful in cleansing oil paintings or furniture that is soiled.

“Dirty painted wainscots may be cleaned by wetting a sponge in the liquor, then dipping it in a little fine clean sand and afterwards rubbing the wainscot therewith.”

---

#### MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

---

It seems very extraordinary, that it should be the most difficult thing in the world to be natural; and that it should be harder to hit off the manners of real life, and to delineate such characters as we converse with every day, than to imagine such as do not exist. But caricature is much easier than an exact outline, and the colouring of fancy less difficult than that of truth.

People do not always know what taste they have, till it is awakened by some corresponding object; nay, genius itself is a fire, which in many minds would never blaze, if not kindled by some external cause.

## Poetry.

## THE CORNWALLIAD.

## CANTO III.

THE south-way sun had night's horizon crost,  
And scatter'd rays upon the silver-frost ;  
When o'er the heights Cornwallis fierce came on,  
From his deep covert to explore the town.

Mean time in Brunswick many an aching breast,  
And visage lenghtened to an ell at least ;  
For though they saw no hunting-shirts appear,  
And all wore red coats both in front and rear ;  
Yet, ah ! said they, sly Washington in vain  
Would circumvent us with his craft again.  
We cannot help ourselves, but yet we know,  
This is, alas ! the late victorious foe.  
These are our comrades' coats, we freely own ;  
But not our comrades which they are upon.  
Ah ! no ; for butchered by the rebel band,  
They lie unburied on the smoking strand.  
Stript of their clothes they lie beneath the air,  
And now their red-coats these battalions wear.  
What can we do ; For certainly 'tis vain,  
To form for battle on the adjacent plain.  
Such are their numbers and collected might  
As widely scatters the least thought of fight.

Speeches like these ran through the multitude,  
Averse in heart to thought of shedding blood ;  
When now Dalhoney of the crooked eye,  
Like demagogue in some democracy,  
Harangues their fears : My gallant countrymen  
Beyond a doubt our noble chief is slain,  
And these rude rebels have unclothed the dead,  
And to deceive us, put themselves in red.  
What then remains but that we court their grace,  
And on our conduct put the fairest face ;  
Surrender willingly without a shot,  
Before we warm their blood, and make them hot ;  
So that good quarters we may haply get,  
And, when the wars are o'er, see Scotland yet.

His wholesome words in every breast sink down,  
And straight they move in order from the town,  
With firelocks club'd, to give them freely up  
To those encamp'd upon the mountain top.

Meantime Cornwallis had their motions spy'd,  
With grass-green spectacles, through which he eyed  
Their first advance so orderly, and how  
They scal'd the hill, and o'er its rocky brow  
With rush impetuous, and full speed amain,  
Pour'd forth their squadrons to the embattled plain.

The noble chief hard struggling with his care,  
Call'd from his face as much blood as't could spare.  
To reinforce the skirmish of his heart;  
Nothing in war avails so much as art.  
Brave lads, said he, attend to what I say,  
This hour is big with an important day;  
You see the foe hath occupied the height  
And if we gain the town, we first must fight.  
Perhaps some one may urge a swift retreat,  
As if 'twere better than a sore defeat.  
I own it, Sirs; but in that town below,  
Are all our stores and magazines you know,  
Which if we lose, we are as surely kill'd  
By famine here, as on the embattled field.  
No other hope can our sad station give,  
Famine or war is the alternative.

Thus spoke the chief, and gave the signal word  
Of the fierce onset, which by few was heard.  
For as that morning he had caught a cough,  
His voice was scarcely clear and loud enough.  
But soon the word his aids-de-camp convey  
To either wing, and bade them wheel that way.  
The centre next steps out upon the soil,  
A goodly corpse enur'd to much hard toil,  
And look'd full well to have much hardship braved,  
Save that their beards had not been lately shaved.  
Now in long columns they are moving on,  
And with each column there is placed a gun,  
When thus the chief: Brave veterans keep your fire,  
In full reserve till we have marched nigher,  
But halt one moment till I shall apply  
My grass green spectacles to either eye.

The hero look'd, and thought he saw a row  
Of cannon placed upon the bending brow.  
His fears deceived him, for they were the crowns  
Of some poor Scotsmen on the distant downs,

Just half inclined upon their hams to pray,  
And ask forgiveness of their sins that day ;  
For in each army every look was sour,  
And many prayed, who never prayed before.

Ah ! said the hero, in his labouring thought,  
Where mighty fears and apprehensions wrought ;  
I see the foe---nor can it be deny'd  
With much artillery hath himself supply'd,  
And heavy metal, if I guess aright,  
Gives him advantage in the approaching fight.

Again his spectacles, the chief apply'd,  
To either eye, and throuh the glasses spy'd,  
Saw, as he thought, some wheeling to the right  
In furious onset to begin the fight,  
And with light infantry in many a rank,  
To pierce with columns his unguarded flank.  
Again his glass false images conveys  
Or care confuses its imperfect rays ;  
For what he saw was but five Scottish swains,  
Who step'd aside upon the bending plains,  
In social mood, and great good nature, there  
To ease themselves of something else than care.

Ah ! that manœuvre, said the chief, is good,  
And bodes our flank no small expense of blood.  
But it behoves us to wheel inward swift,  
Since we, so hap'ly, have perceived their drift.  
Now double up your files, and face about,  
Or, on that flank, cast up a small redoubt.  
Perhaps, 'twere best, as we can scarce tell where  
They may attack, to form the hollow square.

Meantime deep wonder held the oppos'd brigade  
In woful panic, though their arms were laid  
In full surrender on the ice-bound soil,  
Without deception or the shape of guile.  
They could not tell why the embodied force,  
Of this their foe kept not its onward course,  
But still manœuv'ring from the front and rear,  
Came not one foot, nay scarce an inch more near.  
At length that noble chief whose outward sight,  
Was recompensed with intellectual light,  
Put back the cap that had obscur'd his eye,  
And mix'd these words with many a heavy sigh :

It seems to me, nay I dispute it not,  
That these lay for us some infernal plot,  
To hang us up, or in their vengefull ire,  
To skin alive, or burn our limbs with fire :

For they have heard, that on St. Lawrence tide,  
 Some of their brethren were by Indians fry'd.  
 This they resent, and while the chieftains sit  
 In close court-martial, and exhaust their wit,  
 The martial soldiers, in manœuvres, swarm  
 To stir their joints, and keep their members warm;  
 Thus they consult, and hatch dire ways of fate,  
 That on our corps they may retaliate.  
 But as was hinted in a late discourse,  
 No way is left to bend or break the force  
 Of their strong passions, but in humble guise  
 To court the grace and favour of their eyes.  
 'Tis then my judgement that we swift move on,  
 And toss our caps, and cry out Washington.  
 Thus may we soothe the anger of their breast,  
 And put their passions and fierce rage to rest.

To him a Scot in pleasant Paisley bred,  
 Macfee his name, thus oped his mouth and said;  
 I give my vote---But first I would suggest  
 A passing thought, that it perhaps were best,  
 That Orn Macorn who has the second sight,  
 And far excels in supernatural light,  
 Should scan their ranks, and each dark visage there,  
 Whether for mercy or for wrath they are.

Macorn comes forth---A swain he was whose eye  
 Could through the distant and the future spy;  
 Could see a burial pass along the way,  
 And candles burning in the face of day;  
 Could see the smoke of many a neighbouring town,  
 And armies warring on the distant down.  
 Such things as these he could observe before  
 They came to pass, an hundred years or more.

I see, said he, old Putnam's fiery eye,  
 And Stirling there, and Washington just by;  
 I see a coffin pass along the way,  
 Sure argument that some shall die this day:  
 So that our life's at stake unless we go  
 And calm with prayer the anger of the foe.  
 Ah! said a chief; but let that noble Scot,  
 The brave Macma who has the proof of shot,  
 Pass on before, that if the foe should fire,  
 Our stroops may halt, and not approach them nigher.  
 For he, meantime unhurt, shall feel the ball,  
 And carry up the flag of truce for all.

Nay, said Macma, I had the proof of shot  
 On Scotland hills, but here I have it not.

The spell is broke soon as we pass the, sea,  
And all have here the proof as much as me ;  
It then remains that for himself each one  
Toss up his cap, and cry out Washington.  
Thus may we hope to calm their anger down,  
And bring them here in mercy to the town.

All are agreed, and give themselves amain,  
With speed across the intervening plain.

Ah ! said Cornwallis, these are deadly foes,  
And put the circles on his bending nose.  
See with what speed the gather on the soil,  
And kindle rage as mighty flames do oil ;  
And what is worse, I see them dress in red,  
So that, in brunswick, all our friends are dead.  
These have uncased their carcases, and wear  
The coats of Britons naked left and bare.  
Unmerciful ! to cut the harmless throats  
Of fifteen hundred or two thousand Scots.  
They shout for battle, Congress is the word,  
And Washinton through every rank is heard.  
See how their bombs and hand-grenades arise,  
Flame in the air, and gather on the skies.  
For so the hero had conceived, when high  
He saw their hats and caps above them fly.  
But all concern deep smothering in his breast,  
He cheered his army, and their ranks addrest :

My gallant veterans of distinguished worth,  
This awful day calls all your mettle forth ;  
Shrink not for fear, but give your reason scope,  
For in the worst of cases there is hope.  
Should it be so that with their numbers vast,  
They overpower us, we can yield at last ;  
Some fair conditions stipulate with them,  
And save our lives at an expense of fame.  
Prepare yourselves, nor let them come much nigher,  
But wave your matches tipt with liquid fire.

Now mighty deeds with which all earth had rung,  
And high-winged bards in future times had sung,  
Had on these plains been then achiev'd, had not  
Cornwallis taken a Kilmarnock Scot,  
Who on the left had wandered from his mates,  
As he that brought him to the chief relates.  
All flock around the prisoner and demand  
What were the numbers of the rebel band,  
What their artillery, and which cannon was  
Field-piece of iron, and field-piece of brass ?

Who in description can the wonder touch,  
 When now the prisoner op'd his mouth in Scotch?  
 Na: faith, said he, there's neither sword nor gun,  
 Belonging there to General Washington,  
 Nor yet artillery either great or small,  
 Nor pointed bayonet is with us at all:  
 We are the remnant of the Scots brigade,  
 That lodged at Brunswick or from Princeton fled.

Rehearse, O muse! for how shall I explain,  
 The joy that rushed upon the warrior train.  
 Had I a mouth as friar Bacon's was,  
 Scooped hollow out in a round bomb of brass;  
 Ten iron throats, and just ten thousand tongues,  
 Loud as street-watchman with ben-leather lungs;  
 I could not number, or in words explain  
 The many mouths that gaped upon the plain.  
 No; I myself could not one hundredth stare  
 Of each long visage through the camp declare.  
 Yet might I call the muse, the queen of rhyme,  
 To set them forth, but that I have not time,  
 And therefore this and other things shall leave  
 To each man's thought to guess at and conceive.

For now Cornwallis led, in many a file,  
 His Caledonians o'er the wat'ry soil.  
 Their form was goodly as they wheel'd adown  
 The bending heights to Brunswick's distant town;  
 But here and there you might have seen to gape  
 An honest Scotsman, looking for his cap.

Soon in their barracks were the warriors hous'd  
 Where they all day in jovial mood carous'd,  
 Glad to have 'scaped from such dire tides of woe,  
 As o'er their minds did that sad morning flow.  
 On a fair bench exalted sat the chief,  
 And with much grog washed down departing grief.  
 Around him lay some of the Scots brigade,  
 Who had in brunswick, to defend it, stayed.  
 Their ears were curious to receive the tale,  
 Of all those things which his sad march befel.  
 Of which they had heard at different times a sketch,  
 But never yet in one continued speech.  
 They pray him therefore to rehearse at once  
 The whole adventure, from his first advance  
 'Till from the stream of distant Delaware  
 He turned about, and homewards brought the war.  
 What hills he saw, and what rough ways he trod,  
 The ambuscades and dangers of the road.

*For the Gleaner.*

THE SKY LARK.

WHEN op'ning dawn wi' splendor gay,  
Spreads o'er th' glens, a gloamin grey ;  
The Laverock hails the morning fair,  
As sporting blithe thro' fields o' air ;  
An' swells his little speckled throat,  
Wi' mony a cantic blithsome note—

Sweet warbler, dear !

Aft fond, I hear,  
Thy soul-enliv'ning, soothing, lay ;  
As o'er the lawn,  
At early dawn,

I rove, to hail the new-born day.

On flittering wings, thro' morning's light,  
He, rising, takes his circling flight—  
Then downward-veering, skims the lea,  
Wi' wildly warbling notes o' glee ;  
An' resting on the gowan sweet,  
He bends it "'mang, the dewy weet ;"  
But soon as noon-tide's sultry beam,  
Glaws ardent o'er the pansied scene,

He haunts the glade,  
Where hawthorn's shade  
The wand'ring brook, that wimplin rins ;  
An' in the stream,  
Alane, unseen,  
He dips his breast and drooping wings.

Yet still his softly warbling song,  
Rings hollow glens and hills along.  
Ah, simple songster ! ever gay,  
In morn's calm breeze, or noon's hot ray !  
Could man like you, still tune his soul,  
To simple pleasure's sweet control,  
The ardent noon of manhood's blaze,  
And life's drear wild'ring winding maze,  
Wud nae be dark,  
Wi' sorrow's mark,  
An' bid him aft to curse this life ;  
For O ! mankind,  
Is unco blind,  
An' kens nae bliss—but seas o' strife.

EVANDER.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE GLEANER.

Sir,

The following lines were composed shortly after the melancholy event of General Washington's death, and were then printed in a country newspaper. The writer having since revised and made some corrections in them, would be pleased to see them recorded in your Magazine. After perusing Pope's *Temple of Fame*, the allusion in some of the lines will be better understood.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF  
GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

'TWAS in that dreary season of the year  
When nature mourns, and all things sad appear,  
When snows descending cover o'er the plains,  
And languor universal, languor reigns ;  
Save where convene, around some sparkling fire,  
A youthful train, whom genuine love inspire ;  
Save where the sleigh its cheering joys impart,  
Or rising harvest glad the farmer's heart  
(For every season hath its charms and laws  
Which prove the wisdom of the great first cause).  
Retir'd to rest, sleep, tho' disturb'd, had clos'd  
My heavy eyes, but not my cares compos'd ;  
Columbia grieving, still my mind engag'd,  
Till fancied visions, thus those griefs assuag'd.  
To fame's bright temple, 'twixt earth, seas, and skies,  
Sudden conducted by some power I rise ;  
A while the glorious structure stood to view,  
And read inscriptions time cannot subdue.  
At length a sound pervades my list'ning ears,  
And the bright goddess of the dome appears ;  
Attendants numerous round her person wait,  
Some other's prayers, and some their own relate,  
Some ask her orders. Now her arm she rais'd—  
A pause ensued. I list'ning stood, and gaz'd  
As thus she spake. What form is that divine  
I see approaching our immortal shrine ?  
'Tis he, 'tis he, Columbia's darling son,  
The great, the good, the glorious Washington.  
Beside that saviour of the Roman state,  
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great  
Erect his statue : let, like his of old,  
One hand the sickle one the faulchion hold ;  
In peace, in war, in useful arts renown'd,  
With every virtue let the sage be crown'd.

Rise, muses rise, add all your tuneful breath,  
 He must not sleep in darkness and in death ;  
 Unask'd, unlook'd for, yet his name shall live,  
 'Tis justice claims, 'tis gratitude shall give.  
 And thou, she said to some propitious swain,  
 The future glory of the muses' train,  
 Be thine the task, the epic song to raise,  
 To speak his merits and his deeds to praise ;  
 In sweetest numbers let his worth be shown,  
 And thus recording his, transmit thy own.

P.

December, 1799.

.....  
*For the Gleaner.*

## DABLERUS'S FAREWELL TO SOCIETY.\*

I AM an old Bachelor caprish and jolly,  
 That cares not a straw for the fair imps of folly ;  
 Those damsels I mean that one minute invite ye  
 To love them, and next will abandon and slight ye.  
 I care quite as little for weather-cock friends,  
 That flatter and court ye, to answer their ends ;  
 Who for your affections do not care a curse,  
 But bow to your pocket and pray—for your purse.  
 The world's blind opinion shall ne'er give me pain,  
 Its praises and censures, are equally vain ;  
 It applauds, without judgement, the cronies of vice,  
 And blasts, through base envy, the virtuous and wise.

---

\**The most self-evident of philosophical principles is, that an effect cannot exist without a cause ; from whence we may reasonably believe there is some cause, upon which friend Dick has founded this determination of banishing himself from society.*

*I have been at a loss to discover where this alarming effect originated, ever since he gave me this "farewell," as he called it, to read (as customary with him before he hands his pieces for publication). I have frequently questioned him upon the subject, but he obstinately refuses to assign any cause whatever, and is so grum withal, for these few days past, that it is with difficulty I can get him to say any thing. I have imagined to myself twenty of the most plausible reasons I could conjecture, and none seemed more satisfactory than the following : By his love song, published in your last Gleaner, it appeared that he was most egregiously in for it with one Miss Dorothy, whose last name he did not think*

I'll go to some spot, far from discord and noise,  
 There laugh and despise, man's weak follies and joys;  
 I'll hie to the grove, and the shade, and the green,  
 I'll feed on my feelings, and smile at the scene:  
 I'll go to the cot that first witness'd my life,  
 And there live in peace—for I wont wed a wife:  
 My bowl and segar, the best friends of my heart,  
 Shall bliss, to my sorrow, in trouble impart;  
 My trees shall in summer, in winter my fire,  
 Afford me the comfort my soul may desire:  
 With a coat to my back, and a good pair of breeches,  
 I'll envy no Lordling, or Nabob, his riches;  
 But dwell in my cot at the foot of the steep,  
 As blithe as the birds that shall sing me to sleep.

*proper to mention; or it was too long, or too unpoetical to introduce into his lines: From a scrap, I have since found upon his table, it is proved to be Dogertydrivel. It also appears, in the same paper, that his address had not gained him his "wished-for happiness;" for although he mounted Appolo's cart, and rode past her door in style, or a la moderne petit-maitre, or a la dashable, she refused to take a seat beside him. The lines I alluded to are as follow:—*

“Memorandum,

“A love-song I sent to Miss Dogertydrivel;  
 “Her answer was no  
 “It cannot be so,  
 “So Dogertydrivel may go  
 “.....to the D—l.”

*Disappointed, Dick was undoubtedly, or he never would have bestowed on his sweet, such a harsh wish. And, moreover, if any of his readers were acquainted with his disposition, as well as I am, they could not be in the least surprized at his resolving to go and spend the remainder of his days in solitude, after receiving, what he terms, an insult from the person of his adoration.*

*I have imposed this note upon Dick's readers to explain, in some measure, the inconsistency that might otherwise appear in his conduct, of breaking out into soft stanzas of poetic titillation towards his mistress; holding out proposals of marriage, and so on then; and now swearing most manfully that he never will marry. Hoping that I have answered that purpose, I shall conclude.*

GREG. GRUNT.

[From the *Enquirer.*]

BURK'S GARDEN GRAVE.

*By the author of the Natural Bridge.*

I climbed the high hills of the dark appomattox,  
The stream pour'd its waters, the wild woods among :  
All was still, save the dash of the surge from the white-rocks,  
Where the sea-fowl indulg'd in his tremulous song.  
On my right, where the poplars, with fair branches gleaming,  
Half embosom the proud-vaulted villa of Jones ;  
On the tomb-stone of Daly the liquid sun streaming,  
Mark'd the spot where the bard had found rest for his bones.  
Oh ! rare is the spot hung with clustering roses,  
Where Virginia's sweet Minstrel is gone to his rest ;  
For the sun's parting ray, on his grave oft reposes,  
And the red-breast delights there to build her soft nest.  
And oft shall the damsels, with bosoms high swelling,  
Whose ruby lips sweetly his soft stanzas sing,  
Dejected repair to the Bard's narrow dwelling  
And deck the raised turf, with the garlands of spring.

.....

THE SONG OF THE SWISS

*In a strange land.*

O when shall I visit the land of my birth,  
The loveliest land on the face of the earth ?  
When shall I those scenes of affection explore  
    Our forests, our fountains,  
    Our hamlets, our mountains,  
With the pride of our mountains, the maid I adore ?  
O when shall I dance on the daisy-white meed,  
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed ?  
When shall I return to that lovely retreat,  
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet ?  
The lambs and the heifers that follow my call,  
    My father, my mother,  
    My sister, my brother,  
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all ?  
O when shall visit the land of my birth ?  
'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth !

## THE NEGRO'S PRAYER-

THE Poet's corner in Gazette,  
 Is often fill'd by some Coquette ;  
 Or cap in hand to do his duty,  
 Will satirise his female beauty ;  
 But as I now have room to spare,  
 I'll here insert a Negro's prayer.

LORD if thou dost with equal eye,  
 See all the sons of Adam die ;  
 Why dost thou hide thy face from slaves,  
 Consign'd by fate to serve the knaves ?  
 Stolen or sold in Africa,  
 Imported to America,  
 Like hogs or sheep, at market sold,  
 To stem the heat or brook the cold,  
 To work all day and half the night,  
 And rise before the morning light,  
 Sustain the lash, endure the cane,  
 Expos'd to storms of snow and rain,  
 Pinch'd with hunger and with cold,  
 And if we beg we meet a scold,  
 And after all the tedious round,  
 At night to stretch upon the ground.  
 Has heaven decreed that negroes must,  
 By cruel men be ever curst ?  
 For ever drag the galling chain,  
 And ne'er enjoy themselves as men !  
 When will JEHOVAH hear our cries ?  
 When will the sun of freedom rise ?  
 When will a Moses for us stand,  
 And free us from Pharaoh's hand ?  
 What tho' our skin be black as jet,  
 Our hair be curl'd, our noses flat,  
 Must we, for this, no freedom have,  
 Until we find it in the grave ?

.....

## EPIGRAM.

Says Jack, as one day he was sipping his tea,  
 "I wish that all cuckolds were thrown in the sea ;"  
 "Why, how can you wish so, my dear," says his wife,  
 "When you know that you can't swim an inch for your life?"

---

## Register and Gazette.

---

*List of the Members composing the Senate of the United States.*

*New-Hampshire*.—Nahum Parker, Nicholas Gilman.  
*Massachusetts*.—Timothy Pickering, James Lloyd.  
*Rhode Island*.—Francis Malbone, Elisha Matthewson.  
*Connecticut*.—James Hillhouse, Chauncey Goodrich.  
*Vermont*.—Stephen R. Bradley, Jonathan Robbins.  
*New-York*.—John Smith, Obadiah German.  
*New-Jersey*.—John Condit, John Lambert.  
*Pennsylvania*.—Andrew Gregg, Michael Leib.  
*Delaware*.—Samuel White, James A. Bayard.  
*Maryland*.—Samuel Smith, Philip Reed.  
*Virginia*.—William B. Giles, Richard Brent.  
*Kentucky*.—Buckner Thruston, John Pope.  
*North Carolina*.—James Turner, Jesse Franklin.  
*Tennessee*.—Jos. Anderson, Jenkin Whiteside.  
*South Carolina*.—Thomas Sumter, John Gaillard.  
*Georgia*.—John Milledge, Wm. H. Crawford.  
*Ohio*.—R. J. Meigs, Stanley Greswold.

---

*House of Representatives.*

*New-Hampshire*.—Daniel Blaisdell, John C. Chamberlain, William Hale, Nathaniel A. Haven, James Wilson.  
*Massachusetts*.—Ezekial Bacon, Orchard Cook, Richard Cutts, William Ely, Gideon Gardner, Barzillai Gannett, Edward St. Loe Livermore, Benjamin Pickman, Josiah Quincy, Ebenezer Seaver, William Stedman, Samuel Taggart, Wm. Baillies, Jabez Upham, Joseph B. Varnum, Laban Wheaton, Ezekial Whitman.  
*Rhode-Island*.—Richard Jackson, Elisha R. Porter.  
*Connecticut*.—Epaphroditus Champion, Samuel W. Dana, John Davenport, Jonathan O. Moseley, Timothy Pitkin, junr. Lewis B. Sturges, Benjamin Tallmadge.  
*Vermont*.—William Chamberland, Martin Ghittenden, Jonathan H. Hubbard, Samuel Shaw.  
*New-York*.—William Denning, James Emott, Jonathan Fisk, Barent Gardenier, Thomas R. Gold, Herman Knickerbacker, Robert Le Roy Livingston, Vincent Matthews, Gurdon S. Mumford, John Nicholson, Peter B. Porter, Erastus Root, Thos. Sammons, Ebenezer Sage, John Thompson, Uri Tracy, Killian K. Van Rensellar.

*New-Jersey.*—Adam Boyd, James Cox, Wm. Helms, Jacob Hufty, Thomas Newbold, Henry Southard.

*Pennsylvania.*—Wm. Anderson, David Bard, Robert Brown, Wm. Crawford, Wm. Findley, Daniel Heister, Robert Jenkins, Aaron Lysle, Wm. Milner, John Porter, John Rea, Matthias Richards, John Ross, Benjamin Say, John Smith George Smith, Samuel Smith, Robert Whitehill.

*Delaware.*—Nicholas Van Dyke.

*Maryland.*—Brown, John Campbell, Charles Goldsborough, Philip B. Key, Alexander M'Kim, John Montgomery, Nicholas R. Moore, Roger Nelson, Archibald Van Horn.

*Virginia.*—Burwell Bassett, William A. Burwell, Matthew Clay, John Clopton, John Dawson, John W. Eppes, Daniel Sheffey, Thomas Gholson, jr. Peterson Goodwyn, Edwin Gray, Jacob Swoope, John G. Jackson, Walter Jones, Joseph Lewis, jr. John Love, J. Stephenson, Thomas, Newton, Wilson C. Nicholas, John Randolph, John Smith, J. T. Roane, James Breckenridge.

*Kentucky.*—Henry Christ, Joseph Desha, Benjamin Howard, Richard M. Johnson, Matthew Lyon, Samuel M'Kee.

*North Carolina.*—Willis Alston, jun. James Cochran, Meshack Franklin, James Holland Thomas Kenan, Wm. Kennedy, Nathaniel Macon, Archibald M'Bride, Joseph Pearson, Lemuel Sawyer, Richard Stanford, John Stanley.

*Tennessee.*—Pleasant M. Miller, John Rhea, — Weakly.

*South Carolina.*—Lemuel J. Alston, William Butler, Robert Calhoun, Robert Marion, Thomas Moore, John Taylor, Richard Winn, Robert Witherspoon.

*Georgia.*—Wm. W. Bibb, Howell Cobb, Dennis Smelt, George M. Troup.

*Ohio.*—Jeremiah Morrow.

*Delegates From The*  
*Mississippi Territory*, George Poindexter,  
*Indiana Territory*, vacant.  
*Orleans Territory*, I Poydras

---

## REPORT

*Of the Secretary of the Treasury to both houses of Congress.*

In obedience to the directions of the act supplementary to the act, entitled, "An act to establish the treasury department," the secretary of the treasury respectfully submits the following report:

The nett revenue arising from duties on merchandize and tonnage, which accrued during the year 1807, amounted, as appeared by the last annual statement, to - - - - - \$ 16,060,000

A correct statement of that revenue, for the year 1808, cannot be prepared at this time; but may be estimated, as will appear by the estimate A, to about - - - - - 10,270,000

The revenue arising from the same sources, which accrued during the first quarter of this year, did not much exceed 1 million of dollars; and, although considerable importations may be expected from Great Britain and the West Indies, during the last six months of this year; yet, considering that there will be no arrivals from China and the East Indies; and the situation of the commercial intercourse of the U. S. with the rest of the world; it is not probable that the revenue accruing, during the year 1809, will exceed that of the year 1808.

The specie in the treasury on the 1st of Oct. 1808, amounted to - - - - - 13,846,717 52

And the receipts, during the last 3 months of that year, as appears by the statement (B) to - - 3,586,316 99

17,433,034 51

The disbursements, during the same period, have amounted, including 6,105,000 dollars paid in reimbursement of the principal of the public debt, to - - - - - 7,491,339 79

Leaving a balance in the treasury, on the 1st January 1809, of - - - - - 9,941,694 72

17,433,034 51

The cash in the hands of collectors and receivers, and the outstanding revenue bonds, amounted, on the 1st January 1809, to - - - - - 9,880,000

From which deducting, for the expenses of collection, and for the drawbacks payable during the year 1809, - - - - - 3,000,000

Leaves, for the probable receipts of the year 1809, exclusively of the inconsiderable sums which may be received on account of the revenue accruing during that year, a sum of - - - - - 6,880,000

Making, together with the balance in the treasury on the 1st of January, 1809, of - - - - - 9,941,000

an aggregate of - - - - - 16,821,000 applicable to the expenditure of this year.

The expenses of the year 1809 are, in conformity with the existing appropriations, estimated at 14,500,000 dollars; consisting of the following items:

Civil list (including the expenses of this session of congress) miscellaneous expenses, and foreign intercourse, - - 1,342,000

Military and Indian departments, *viz.*

appropriation for the army and Indian departments, - - - - -	2,765,000
ditto for fortifications, - - - - -	475,000
arms and military stores, - - - - -	550,000
	3,790,000
Naval department, this year's appropriation, - - -	2,915,000
Public debt (\$1,547,000 of the appropriation of 8,000,000 of dollars for the year 1809, having been paid in advance in the year 1808, in order to effect the reimbursement of the whole of the 8 per cent stock)	6,453,000
	14,500,000

It must, however, be observed, that the estimate of the sums payable in the course of this year, on account of drawbacks, is conjectural; and that the exportations, particularly of colonial produce, would, if the restrictions laid by the continental powers of Europe on neutral commerce were removed, produce a much greater defalcation in the nett receipts in the treasury, than the sum assumed in the preceding estimate. In order to guard against any inconvenience arising from that contingency, and for the purpose of keeping always a moderate sum in the treasury, it may be necessary to borrow a sum equal to the amount of the principal of public debt which will be reimbursed during the year, and which will exceed 3 millions of dollars.

By the 10th and 19th sections of the act making further provision for the support of public credit, and for the redemption of the public debt, passed on the 3d March, 1795, the commissioners of the sinking fund are authorised, from time to time, to borrow, and the bank of the U. S. to lend, sums equal to the reimbursements of the public debt. But some doubts having arisen, whether the powers vested by those 2 sections are applicable to the new 6 per cent stocks, issued by virtue of the act of Feb. 11, 1807, in exchange of the old 6 per cent, deferred, and 3 per cent stocks; it is desireable that the authority should be expressly extended, by law, to that case. And no other provision seems necessary for the public service of this year.

It would be premature to attempt, at this time, an estimate of the receipts and expenditures of the year 1810. It is sufficient to observe that, although the receipts may exceed those of the present year, it is highly improbable that they should be equal to the expenditures of that year, which, unless the military and naval establishments should be reduced, will amount to 16 million of dollars. But it is believed that the revenue will, after that year, be adequate to the discharge of the annual expenses.

All which is respectfully submitted.

ALBERT GALLATIN.

Treasury Department, June 1, 1809.

## DECLARATION OF WAR,

*By Francis I. emperor of Austria, and an address of the archduke Charles.*

*Vienna, May 12.*

Before his imperial majesty left this capital, he was pleased to issue the following

## Proclamation :

Francis I. by the grace of God, emperor of Austria, &c.

People of Austria! I leave my capital to join the brave defenders of the country, assembled on the frontiers for the protection of the state.

For these three years past I have made the utmost exertions to procure you, my beloved subjects, the blessings of a permanent peace. No sacrifice, any ways consistent with your welfare and the independence of the state, however painful, have I spared to procure your tranquility and welfare, by a friendly understanding with the emperor of the French.

But all my endeavors proved fruitless. Austria was to submit to the boundless ambition of the emperor Napoleon; and in the same manner he strives to subdue Spain, insults the sacred head of the church, appropriates to himself the provinces of Italy, and parcels out the German dominions. Austria was to do homage to the great empire, the formation of which he has loudly announced.

I have adopted all necessary measures to assert the independence of the state. Not only have ye answered my call, but your love for your native country has prompted you to anticipate it. Accept my cordial thanks, they will be repeated by my posterity and yours. Self-defence, not invasion, was our aim. But the conqueror will not allow the sovereign of his people, strong in their mutual confidence, to possess sufficient means to oppose his ambitious views. He declared himself hostile to Austria, unless she should relinquish her measures of defence, and prostrate herself disarmed at his feet. The disgraceful proposal was rejected, and now his hosts are advancing against us, arrayed for battle.

I confide in God—in the valour of my armies, in the heroic conduct of my brother, who leads them on to glory, in you my beloved people; our exertions for this warfare are great; but such they must be in order to attain more securely the important end of self preservation.

What you have hitherto done is the most unquestionable pledge of the powerful assistance which I am to receive from you. They who bear no arms will also share in the protection of their country. Unanimity, order, obedience, activity and confidence constitute the real strength of a nation. You have evinced them, and to this alone is it owing, we start with a fairer prospect of success than we ever did. Fortunate events will not unnerve your energy, nor disastrous occurrences, should any happen, shake your firm resolve, perseverant valour overcomes all dangers, enhances every advantage, and supplies all losses. Our cause is just; Providence does not forsake those who do not forsake themselves.

I depend on your love, your tried fidelity to your prince and country. depend ye on the paternal solicitude of your monarch, who finds all his happiness in yours.

FRANCIS.

Vienna, April 8, 1809.

.....

*The archduke CHARLES has issued the following address to the German nation:*

His majesty the emperor of Austria is forced to take up arms, because the French emperor will not tolerate the existence of a state which does not acknowledge his supremacy of power, nor stoop to become subservient to his views of conquest; because he requires that Austria shall renounce her independence, unbend her energies, and surrender at the conqueror's discretion; because the armies of the emperor and of his dependant allies, advance against Austria with hostile views.

The forces of Austria have risen for self-defence and self-preservation at the nod of their monarch; I am leading them on against the enemy, to prevent the certain attack he has prepared against us.

We pass the frontiers not as conquerors; not as enemies of Germany; nor to destroy German institutions, laws, customs, and manners, and impose foreign ones; not to appropriate to ourselves the property of Germany, or to sacrifice her children in distant wars, carried on to destroy and subjugate foreign nations. No; we fight to assert the independence of the Austrian monarchy, and to restore to Germany the independence and national honours which are due to her.

The same pretensions which now threaten us have already proved fatal to Germany. Our assistance is her last effort to be saved. Our cause is that of Germany. United with Austria, Germany was independent and happy; it is only through the

ble  
om  
ion  
and  
ave  
h a  
nts  
uld  
ver.  
all  
ose  
nd  
ch,

assistance of Austria that Germany can receive happiness and independence.

Germans! Consider your destruction. Accept the aid we offer, and co-operate with us for your salvation. We demand from you no exertions, but such as our common cause requires, Your property and your domestic peace are secured by the discipline of our troops. The Austrian armies will not oppress, nor rob you; they respect you as brethren, chosen to fight jointly with us for your cause and ours. Be worthy of our respect; such Germans only as forget themselves are our enemies.

Depend on my word which I have more than once pledged and redeemed, to save you! Depend on the word of my emperor and brother which has never been violated.

CHARLES Generalissimo.

.....

## BRITISH ORDERS IN COUNCIL.

(*From the London Gazette, April 29.*)

At the court at the Queen's Palace, the 26th of April, 1809;

present, the King's most excellent Majesty in Council.

Whereas his majesty, by his order in council of the 11th of November 1807, was pleased, for the reasons assigned therein, to order that "all the ports and places of France and her allies or of any other country at war with his majesty and all other ports or places in Europe, from which, although not at war with his majesty, the British flag is excluded, and all ports or places in the colonies belonging to his majesty's enemies, should from thenceforth be subject to the same restrictions in point of trade and navigation, as if the same were actually blockaded in the most strict and rigorous manner;" and also to prohibit "all trade in articles, which are the produce or manufacture of the said countries or colonies." And, whereas, his majesty having been, nevertheless, desirous not to subject those countries which were in alliance or in amity with his majesty to any greater inconvenience than was absolutely inseparable from carrying into effect his majesty's just determination to counteract the designs of his enemies, did make certain exceptions and modifications expressed in the said order of the 11th of November and in certain subsequent orders of the 25th of November declaratory of the

aforesaid order of the 11th of November and the 18th of Dec. 1807, and the 3d of March, 1809.

And whereas, in consequence of divers events, which have taken place since the date of the first mentioned order, affecting the relation between Great Britain and the territories of other powers, it is expedient that sundry parts and provisions of the said orders should be altered or revoked.

His majesty is therefore pleased, by and with the advice of his privy council, to revoke and annul the said several orders, except as hereinafter expressed, and so much of the said several orders, except as aforesaid, is hereby revoked accordingly.

And his majesty is pleased, by and with the advice of his privy council, to revoke and annul the several orders, except as hereinafter expressed, and so much of the said several orders, except as aforesaid, is hereby revoked accordingly.

And his majesty is pleased, by and with the advice of his privy council, to order and it is hereby ordered, that all the forts and places as far north as the river Ems inclusively, under the government styling itself the kingdom of Holland, and all ports and places under the government of France together with the colonies, plantations and settlements in the possession of those governments respectively, and all ports and places in the northern parts of Italy, to be reckoned from the ports of Orbitello and Pesaro inclusively, shall continue and be subject to the same restrictions, in point of trade and navigation, without any exception, as if the same were actually blockaded by his majesty's naval forces in the most strict and rigorous manner; and that every vessel trading from and to the said countries or colonies, plantations or settlements, together with all goods and merchandise on board, shall be condemned as prize to the captors.

And his majesty is further pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that this order shall have effect from the day of the date thereof, with respect to any ship together with its cargo, which may be captured subsequent to such day on any voyage which is and shall be rendered legal by this order, although such voyage at the time of the commencement of the same was unlawful and prohibited under the same former orders; and such ships, upon being brought in, shall be released accordingly:— and with respect to all ships, together with their cargos, which may be captured in any voyage which was permitted under the exceptions of the orders above mentioned, but which is not permitted according to the provisions of this order, his majesty is pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that such ships, and their cargos, shall not be liable to condemnation, unless they shall have received actual notice of the present order before such capture; or in default of such notice, until after the expiration of the like intervals from the date of

this order, as were allowed for constructive notice in the orders of the twenty-fifth of November, 1807, and the 18th of May, 1808, at the several places and latitudes therein specified.

And the right honourable, the lords, commissioners of his majesty's treasury, his majesty's principal secretaries of state, the lords, commissioners of the admiralty, the judge of the high court of admiralty, and judges of the courts of vice-admiralty, are to give the necessary directions herein, as to them may respectively appertain.

STEPHEN COTTRELL.

.....

#### REMARKABLE FUNERAL.

*London, March 25.*

On Sunday last was interred in the burial ground of St. Martin-in-the-fields, the remains of Hugh Hewson, who died at the advanced age of 85. The deceased was a man of no mean celebrity, though no funeral escutcheons adorned his hearse, or heir expectant graced his obsequies. He was no less a personage than the identical Hugh Strap, whom Dr. Smollet has rendered so conspicuously interesting in his life and adventures of Roderick Random, and for upwards of forty years had kept a hair-dresser's shop in the above parish. The deceased was a very intelligent man, and took delight in recounting the adventures of his early life. He spoke with pleasure of the time he passed in the service of the doctor, and it was his pride, as well as boast, to say that he had been educated in the same seminary with so learned and distinguished a character. His shop was hung round with latin quotations, and he would frequently point out to his customers and acquaintances the several scenes in Roderick Random, pertaining to himself, which had their foundation, not in the doctor's inventive fancy, but in truth and reality. The meeting in a barber's shop at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the subsequent mistake at the inn, their arrival together in London, and the assistance they experienced from Strap's friend, were all of that description. We understand the deceased has left behind him an interlined copy of Roderick Random, pointing out these facts, shewing how far they were indebted to the genius of the doctor, and to what extent they were bottomed in reality. The deceased could never succeed in gaining more than a respectable subsistence by his trade, but he possessed an independence of mind superior to his humble condition. Of late years he was employed as keeper of the promenade in Villier's Walk, Adelphi, and was much noticed and respected by the inhabitants who frequented that place.

*A TABLE shewing the corresponding DAYS*

Vendemiaire.	Brumaire.	Frimaire.	Nivose.	Pluviose.	Ventose.
1 Sep. 22	1 Oct. 22	1 Nov. 21	1 Dec. 21	1 Jan. 20	1 Feb. 19
2	23	2	22	2	21
3	24	3	23	3	22
4	25	4	24	4	23
5	26	5	25	5	24
6	27	6	26	6	25
7	28	7	27	7	26
8	29	8	28	8	27
9	30	9	29	9	28
10 Oct.	1 10	31 10	30 10	30 10	29 10
11	2 11	Nov. 1 11	Dec. 1 11	Jan. 1 11	30 11 Mar'h 1
12	3 12	2 12	2 12	1 12	31 12
13	4 13	3 13	3 13	2 13	Feb. 1 13
14	5 14	4 14	4 14	3 14	2 14
15	6 15	5 15	5 15	4 15	3 15
16	7 16	6 16	6 16	5 16	4 16
17	8 17	7 17	7 17	6 17	5 17
18	9 18	8 18	8 18	7 18	6 18
19	10 19	9 19	9 19	8 19	7 19
20	11 20	10 20	10 20	9 20	8 20
21	12 21	11 21	11 21	10 21	9 21
22	13 22	12 22	12 22	11 22	10 22
23	14 23	13 23	13 23	12 23	11 23
24	15 24	14 24	14 24	13 24	12 24
25	16 25	15 25	15 25	14 25	13 25
26	17 26	16 26	16 26	15 26	14 26
27	18 27	17 27	17 27	16 27	15 27
28	19 28	18 28	18 28	17 28	16 28
29	20 29	19 29	19 29	18 29	17 29
30	21 30	20 30	20 30	19 30	18 30

*of the FRENCH and ENGLISH CALENDARS.*

Germinal.	Floreal.	Prairial.	Messidor.	Thermidor.	Fructidor.
1 Mar. 21	1 April 20	1 May 20	1 June 19	1 July 19	1 Aug. 18
2	22	2	21	2	20
3	23	3	22	3	21
4	24	4	23	4	22
5	25	5	24	5	23
6	26	6	25	6	24
7	27	7	26	7	25
8	28	8	27	8	26
9	29	9	28	9	27
10	30	10	29	10	28
11	31	11	30	11	29
12 April	12 May	12	31	12	30
13	213	213	June 13	July 1	13
14	314	314	214	214	Aug. 14
15	415	415	315	315	215 Sept. 1
16	516	516	416	416	316
17	617	617	517	517	417
18	718	718	618	618	518
19	819	819	719	719	619
20	920	920	820	820	720
21	1021	1021	921	921	821
22	1122	1122	1022	1022	922
23	1223	1223	1123	1123	1023
24	1324	1324	1224	1224	1124
25	1425	1425	1325	1325	1225
26	1526	1526	1426	1426	1326
27	1627	1627	1527	1527	1427
28	1728	1728	1628	1628	1528
29	1829	1829	1729	1729	1629
30	1930	1930	1830	1830	1730

## COMPLIMENTARY DAYS.

1	Sept.	17
2		18
3		19
4		20
5		21